

by announcing brutally, "If you discuss that, you are shot. You are told to fight and you obey orders, or die. There is no right or wrong about it. If I were German I should fight for the kaiser!"

It isn't pleasant traveling on ocean liners nowadays.

Upon landing at Bordeaux the professor was denounced as a German spy, a member of the French chamber of deputies rushed out wildly proclaiming that the denouncer was a deserter from the French army, and it all finished with the accuser being led away as a deserter. He probably is shot by this time.

Coming into Paris late that even-

ing, not the old brilliant Paris where I had studied art, but the black, dismal, anti-Zeppelin Paris with lights out, I groped my way to a restaurant. "Too late," the waiter told me. They had but one item left on the bill of fare, some very nice frankfurters and sauerkraut. So I sat in the Paris restaurant over frankfurters and sauerkraut and beer and listened to a mild little Frenchman explain that the differences of taste between his race and the Germans were irreconcilable and must be fought out to the death.

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The social climber would even try to make his way up an icy stare.



He Would Answer: "I Am Strong." I Replied: "So Am I."